

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leave, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Roderigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had bene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit.*

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee: I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at severall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Olinia*?

Viola. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away: your selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord

into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

Viola. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you pecussily threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it.

Viola. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:

She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speake in starts distractedly.

She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion

Inuities me in this churlish messenger:

None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;

I am the man, it it be so, as tis,

Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:

Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,

Wherein the pfeignant enemy does much,

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,

For such as we are made, if such we bee:

How will this fadge? My master loues her deereely,

And I (poore monster) fond as much on him:

And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my maisters loue:

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olinia* breath?

O time, thou must vtangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'vntie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach *Sir Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Delicula surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the fooleyfaith.

Clow. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitum*, of the *Vapiant* passing the Equinoctial of *Quenbus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee fixe pence for

for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clow. I did impetuous thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* nose is no Whip-Rocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermaidons are no bottle-ale houses.

And. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is fixe pence for you. Let's haue a song.

And. There's a restill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clow. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good

life?

To. A loue song, a loue song.

And. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

O Mistress mine where are you roming?

O stay and heare, your true loues coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further prettis sweeting,

Journeys end in loners meeting,

Every wise mans sonne doth know.

And. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clow. What is loue, tis not heereafter,

Present mirth, bath present laughter:

What's to come, is still vnshire.

In delay there lies no plentie,

I then come kisse me sweet and twentie:

Yours a stiffe will not endure.

And. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

And. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee

rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three

foules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a

Catch.

Clow. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

And. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue*.

Clow. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be con-

strain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

And. 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to

call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Clow. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

And. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch sung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwallowing doe you keepe heere? If

my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and

bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios*

a *Peg-a-ranise*, and *Three merry men be wee*. Am not I

conflagrantious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. La-

die, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady*.

Clow. Bestrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

And. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so

do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more

naturall.

To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you?

Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble

like tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-

house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi-

ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice?

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe

Mal. Sir Toby

bad me tell you, th

man, she's nothing

separate your selfe

come to the house

leau of her, she is

To. Farewell

Mar. Nay good

Clow. His eyes d

Mal. Is't euen

To. But I will

Clow. Sir Toby th

Mal. This is m

To. Shall I bid

Clow. What and

To. Shall I bid

Clow. O no, no, no

To. Out o'tune

ard? Dost thou thi

shall be no more

Clow. Yes by S. A

mouth too.

To. Th'art'th

crums. A slope of

Mal. Mistis M

at any thing more

meanes for this vn

hand.

Mar. Go shake

And. 'Twere as

a hungrie, to chall

promise with him,

To. Doo't knig

deliuer thy indigna

Mar. Sweet Sir

the youth of the C

much out of quiet

with him: If I don

him a common rec

nough to lye straig

To. Possesse vs,

Mar. Marrie fi

And. O, if I tho

To. What for b

deere knight.

And. I haue no

good enough.

Mar. The diu'll

constantly but a tie

cons State without

The best perfwade

with excellencies,

that looke on him,

my reuenge finde

To. What wilt

Mar. I will dro

loue, wherein by th

legge, the manner

forehead, and comp

feelingly personat

your Neece, on a f

distinction of our

To. Excellent,

And. I haue in m

To. He shall thi